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LEGAL TREATMENT OF DRUNKENNESS

Shortcomings of Present Court Methods—Instances of Alcoholic Repeaters—Farm Colonies a Remedy.

(By Bailey B. Burritt, Ass't Sec'y. State Charities Aid Association, New York City.)

Inebriety is the source of many of the most important problems of government. Recent figures show that 28.9 per cent of the male cases of insanity in New York are due to excessive use of alcohol. In Pennsylvania 41 per cent of the imbeciles owe their condition to intemperance. 30 to 40 per cent of epileptic cases have their origin in alcoholism. The report of the board of prison commissioners of Massachusetts for 1908 states that 86,368, or 50 per cent of the total arrests were made for public intoxication. Drunkenness as a cause of poverty is continually noticed in everyday life.

In spite of the prominence of the problem, we have been content every where to adopt a laissez faire attitude. The improvidence of the habitual drunkard is proverbial. The improvidence of state, county, municipal and town governing agencies is equally a fact.

Arrests Are Many.
The treatment of the problem in New York City is typical of the practice in nearly all large cities. In 1908, 27,251 were arrested for intoxication. The magistrate of one court where the records were carefully indexed, discharged 1,402 of the cases appearing before him, or 49.3 per cent. Of the remaining cases, 29 per cent were committed to the workhouse, 2.8 per cent were put on probation and the rest fined from one to ten dollars each. Two-thirds of those fined were committed for inability to pay the amount imposed.

So far as fines are paid, they are usually met by the friends or relatives of those arraigned. They pay rather than suffer further disgrace. The fine paid in this way is quite useless so far as it affects the person fined.

The use of the short sentence is even more ineffective. The man leaves the district prison or workhouse without money and in most cases without friends. He can secure shelter in a saloon and probably by performing menial service for the bartender get a drink. This is the most natural thing for him to do. The alcoholic repeater is the natural result of the short sentence.

The Acute Cases.
The more acute cases are cared for



LITTLE LOVE STORES

The Quarrel By Mabel Herbert Urner

He was in the row behind them. She had seen him as they entered. The usher was slow and awkward in pulling down their seats, and as she waited—for one swift second their eyes met. And then she passed into her seat, painfully conscious of the color that was burning her face and that he could not help but see.

Her father turned to her with some remark about the crowded house, but she hardly heard him. She was trying to think clearly, to realize what the evening would be—with him only a few yards away.

The lights were lowered now, the orchestra ceased, and the curtain rose. She leaned back with a little sigh of relief, thankful for the darkness that would shield her face. With an effort she forced her attention to the stage. The scene represented the library of an English house. A maid was dusting the chairs and carrying on an animated conversation with the butler. How vividly it recalled a remark he had once made—that in two-thirds of the society plays the curtain rose on a maid dusting the chairs and bric-a-brac. That if she would only dust them well it would not annoy one so, and he always made the same amused eyes at little dabs here and there—no self-respecting house-girl ever dusted like that!

"Is this Dr. Grafton?" She felt an inclination to laugh as she watched this girl making purposeless little whiskies with her duster. She was dusting one chair now for the third time, just flicking over the seat and back without touching it anywhere else. And he—was only a few seats away, looking on with the grave amused eyes that the usher came hurrying toward them.

"Is this Dr. Grafton?" Her father bowed. "There is a telephone call for you at the office, sir."

The possibility of her father being called away tonight had not occurred to her. That he always entered in the physician's register the location of his seat, she knew, and he was often called, but tonight she caught his arm. "Oh, you must not leave me here—if you go I shall go with you."

"Why, my dear, how foolish. I will send the carriage back for you."

"Yes, I know—but I don't wish to stay."

"Now, that is nonsense, and besides, why, here is Frank Norton behind us. And before she could stop him he was leaning over the seat."

"Mr. Norton, I am going to leave Katherine for you to look after. I have just been called out."

"I shall be delighted, doctor. It was his voice—and her father was gone. And then—then he came and took her father's seat."

"I suppose you know how—how helpless I was to prevent this?"

"I know," he answered gravely. "And father—of course, he has not heard—I have not told him yet."

"Is it necessary to say that? I knew—of course."

Embarrassment and Resentment.

There was an awkward pause; then he said prosaically: "This seems to be rather well staged, does it not?"

"But one has grown to expect that, to resent it if each new production is not more elaborately staged than the last. I sometimes think it is carried too far. There are times when one feels that the stage settings are meant to stand out above everything else; when even the characters seem secondary."

The curtain rose now on the last act, and she saved the effort of a reply. She felt something like resentment that he could talk so easily and so well.

That he was talking merely to relieve her embarrassment, she knew, and yet she resented the ease and naturalness with which he did it. She kept her eyes on him, but she could not help but be conscious of his eyes and his nearness.

At last it was over, and he led her out through the crowded house into the clear coldness of the night. The great lights over the entrance lit up the long line of waiting carriages.

For the moment she gave herself up to the joy of being with him. How natural it seemed—to be with him. How often they had come out of this same theatre together. The touch of his hand on her arm as he guided her through the crowd thrilled her now as it always had—that little imperious touch that belonged to no one but him. She had told him once that if she lay dead and he should find her, he should bury her back to life. Her face grew crimson at the memory of it. Oh, how recklessly she had shown her love.

The carriage drew up at the curb now, and a moment later they were whirling through the city. He put the laprobe carefully about her and then

leaned back in silence. She gazed out at the great dark buildings that seemed to frown upon her as she flew past. The street lamps made dim splashes of yellow light in the darkness. Farther out the avenues were almost deserted—only the clanging of distant street cars and the sound of their own carriage relieved the stillness.

"I Am Coming In."

A familiar church spire loomed up before them; she caught her breath—only two more squares. Only one square now—the carriage had stopped. He helped her out and up the stone steps. At the door she turned to bid him a formal good night.

"I am coming in," he said it very quietly.

"Oh!"

"One cannot say much for your hospitality."

"I beg your pardon—it did not occur to me that you would care to come in."

They were in the library now. She went over to a chair by the open grate and drew off her gloves. He was standing by the mantel, looking down into the fire.

There was a long silence—heavy, intense, unbearable. Her hands trembled painfully; she played with her gloves that he might not notice. But he was still gazing down at the fire.

At last he turned to her. "The message—the telephone call for your father, it was not from a patient, I had it sent."

"You—had it sent," she repeated dully. "I don't understand."

"It was very simple—I arranged to have him called away."

"And my father—he knew?"

"Yes."

"He knew you would be sitting behind us?"

"And that he would ask you to look after me?"

"Yes."

"You had planned all that?" Her voice was hard and cold.

"Yes."

"And this—the telling of it to me—had you planned that, too?"

"No."

"No? Didn't you?" with a bitter little laugh. What a pity you did not plan that, too, I should have thought of something more effective than this. Don't you think you could?"

"Possibly."

The End of the Quarrel.

"But you did not think it necessary, did you? You counted only on giving me an opportunity of being with you. You thought that I would do the rest—that I would make all kinds of concessions, that I would retract all the things I said when we parted, and most of all, that I would admit that I had been wrong. How magnanimous—how infinitely magnanimous of you to give me this chance—to win you back?"

"Had you let me explain this—I could have justified it, unpardonable as it may seem. But—since you have chosen to look at it as you do—I can say nothing. It is very late. I should not have detained you so long."

Before she realized it he was gone. The room seemed suddenly to mock her with its emptiness. There was a startling stillness about it. Her eyes were fixed on a small bronze dragon that was on the mantle that he had pushed aside when first he told her of his love, and then he had come to her and taken both her hands, and she had registered a swift vow that whatever pain and sorrow the years might bring, she would bear them all bravely for the sake of that moment of supreme joy.

And now—now he was going out of her life forever—forever. Oh, no—no—anything but that! She flew through the library and out into the hall.

No—he had not gone—he was standing by the door drawing on his gloves. She could have cried aloud with the joy of finding him. And then she realized that he was holding out his hands to her and that he was looking at her with cold, grave eyes.

She drew back, clasping her hands nervously. "Oh, I—I came to see if you had gone—I mean if you had closed the door—it does not always close."

"I will close the door and latch it."

She shrank from the coldness in his voice.

"Oh, Frank—don't you—can't you see—oh, you are making it so hard!" Her lips were trembling convulsively.

"You made it very hard for me."

His voice was still cold, though a warm light crept into his eyes. But she did not see it, for her own were filled with tears.

She turned back into the library, sank on a couch and buried her face in the pillows.

And then—then he came to her. There was no coldness in his voice now, for in his place had come an infinite tenderness.

The individual would be isolated from alcohol and placed in a healthful environment and helped to lead a wholesome and partially self-supporting life.—Exclusive Service Sunday Press Bureau.

TIME ENOUGH.

By Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Copyright, 1910, by the New York Evening Journal Pub. Co.

I KNOW it is early morning.

And hope is calling aloud.

And your heart is a-fire with Youth's desire.

To hurry along with the crowd.

But linger a bit by the roadside.

And lend a hand by the way.

'Tis a curious fact that a generous act brings leisure and luck to a day.

I know it is only the noontime—

There is chance enough to be kind;

But the hours run fast when noon has passed.

And the shadows are close behind.

So think while the light is shining.

And act ere the light of the sun.

For the sorriest woe that a soul can know

Is to think what it might have done.

I know it is almost evening.

But the twilight hour is long.

If you listen and heed each cry of need

You can right full many a wrong.

For when we have finished the journey

We will all look back and say:

"On life's long mile there was nothing worth while.

But the good we did by the way."

JUAREZ IS PREPARING FOR NEW STREET PAVING.

Work has begun wrecking the buildings on Comercio street, between Cerro street and Lerdo avenue in Juarez. A number of small shops, including the Telcel saloon, are included in this piece



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of adobe building, which is not on a line with the main street. The wrecking is preliminary to the paving of Juarez streets. The variety of buildings to be erected on the property has not been decided.

PRICE OF BANANAS HIGH IN EL PASO

Honduran Revolution Which Curtails the Supply Causes Rise.

Again the cost of living, like the elevator, is going up. This time it is the banana that has gone aeroplaning. The revolution in Honduras is responsible for the rise. On the wharves of New Orleans and Mobile the cargoes of bananas are no longer seen. Instead of gathering fruit the natives of Central America are revolting. They cannot take time to supply the states with the yellow fruit when a principle is at stake.

El Paso did not feel the effect of the scarcity of the fruit until Thursday. One merchant placed a carload order with a New Orleans commission house. Back came the reply that bananas had raised in price and it would require a few more simoleons to purchase a carload than formerly. That was only the starter of what is expected to be a banana famine in this land of the free. Unless the shirt sleeve diplomacy of the state department can big stick the banana raising countries of Central America to be good and cut out the revolutionary stuff, the devotees of the succulent fruit will have to do what the little boy did who was sent supperless to bed.

It seems pretty tough to admit that a little handful of ragged revolutionists in Central America could deprive Jr. El Pascon of his favorite fruit. But such is the painful fact in the case. War or no war, the banana enter is going to have its yellow fruit. The sooner the revolutionists realize that the better. They had better quit their revolting and return to the peaceful task of gathering bananas for the American market. If they don't—again it is repeated—if they don't our Uncle Samuel will send a little grubstake down there and administer an international spanking where it will do the most good.

EL PASO SHORT ON JULY RAINFALL

Makes Up for Deficiency by Excess of Temperature; Heavy Wind.

El Paso is short 1.53 inches of rain for the month of July and 2.35 since January 1. However, to make up for this, there is a credit of 369 degrees excess temperatures since January 1, and the average excess for the month of July is 2.7 degrees, while the average daily excess since January 1 is 1.7 degrees.

During the month of July there was 0.60 inch of rainfall, of which 0.59 fell on July 10 and 0.1 inch on July 30. The highest temperature was on July 8, when the mercury ran up to 102 degrees, and the minimum was on July 10, when the rain kept it down to 64 degrees. On July 9 the wind blew from the north at the rate of 34 miles per hour for a period of five minutes.

Sixteen days were clear, and while the balance of the month was partly cloudy at times no full day was ever clouded. There were thunder storms on July 5, 6, 10, 23, 27 and 30.

SOLOMONVILLE PERSONALS.

Solomonville, Ariz., Aug. 6.—Mrs. J. M. Fitzgerald has returned to her home at Clinton, after spending three months with her daughter, Mrs. George Taylor.

Mrs. Juana Van Order is very ill at her home at Sanchez.

Rev. J. P. and Mrs. Bray are spending the week in the Artesia district with the family of Mr. Lard.

E. L. Tidwell and son have begun hauling wheat to the mill at Stafford. They raised about 600 sacks this year on the place just north of town across the Gila river.

El Paso Now Has An Electric Engineering Co.

The Boothe-Hoagland Electric Engineering Company Located at 806 San Antonio Street.

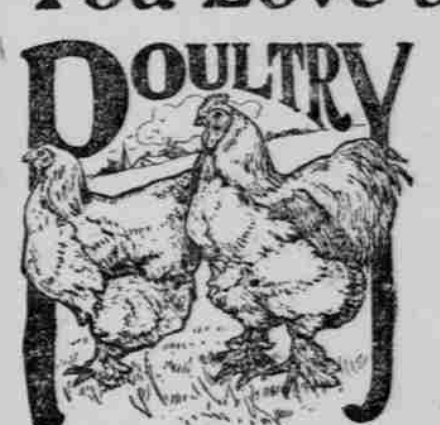
A long felt want has been supplied El Paso. The Boothe-Hoagland Electric Engineering Co. has located at 806 San Antonio and will help El Paso and the surrounding territory in many instances.

This company is composed of technical and practical men who were formerly with the Western Electric Co., Chicago. In the construction and engineering department and they include construction engineers, trouble investigators and expert repairers.

A complete power plant equipment, new and rebuilt machinery, motors and generators and storage batteries will also be carried.

High grade machine work of all kinds will be done and a long felt want in this section of the country is filled. Only expert men are in every department and the work that is placed in the hands of the Boothe-Hoagland Electric Engineering Co. will be done with care and despatch.

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Suggestive Questions On Sunday School Lesson By Rev. Dr. Linscott For the International Newspaper Bible Study Club

(Copyright 1910, by Rev. T. S. Linscott, D. D.)

Lesson for Sunday, August 14.

The laborers in the vineyard. Matt. xx:1-16.

Golden Text—Many that are first shall be last, and the last shall be first. Matt. xx:30.

Verse 1—In what respect does the kingdom of heaven resemble a man, who hires men, to work in his vineyard?

How many points of resemblance are there between work in a vineyard and christian work? (This question must be answered in writing by members of the club.)

Who does God want to work in his vineyard and what are the qualifications?

When did God begin to hire laborers for his vineyard?

Verse 2—How much does "a penny" represent in our money, and what was a fair day's wage, for a laborer, in Jesus' day?

Should an employer of labor hire men as cheaply as he can get them, or should he pay them in proportion to his own profits, giving them as he can afford?

How much ought an employer to make, not profit, for every dollar he pays in wages?

Verse 3—What claim can a person make to being a christian who is not doing some kind of work in God's vineyard?

What should the state do with those who, being a charge upon the community, can get work, but will not do it?

What wages does God literally give to those who feed the hungry, comfort the sorrowing, teach the ignorant, and preach the gospel to sinners?

What do church members deserve at the hands of God who are standing around doing nothing, in God's vineyard, when there is so much work to be done?

By what method today, is God inviting men to work in his vineyard?

Verse 8-15—Does this parable teach that there is no advantage in starting to work early in God's vineyard, and if not, what is the principle involved in the fact that they were all paid a penny?

Which should give a true workman the greater satisfaction, and why, having put in a full day's work, for a fair day's pay, or being paid nine-tenths more than he really earned?

What can you say for or against, those who, in this parable, grumbled at their pay?

When a laborer works exclusively for his pay, and does not take delight in his work, doing as much, and doing it as good as he can, in what class would you place him, morally and spiritually?

If a mechanic, a sculptor, a musician, a lawyer, a doctor, or any other kind

of worker, thinks more of his pay than of his work, how would he likely rank in point of ability among his fellow craftsmen?

When does God reckon with the laborers in his vineyard?

Verse 16—If the first called is the last in merit, and the last called is the first in merit, why should the length of the service be considered when the rewards are given out?

Lesson for Sunday, Aug. 21st, 1910. Jesus nearing Jerusalem. Matt. xx:17-34.

INTERNATIONAL PRESS BIBLE QUESTION CLUB.

I have read the Suggestive Questions on the Sunday School Lesson published in The El Paso Herald; also the Lesson itself for Sunday, Aug. 14, 1910, and intend to read the series of 52.

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